

His Name Is Vlad (The Impaler) by Pastel_Mint_Boy

Series: Vlad The Impaler [2]

Category: Danny Phantom

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Summary:

Danny just wants to unlock the door, that's all he asks for. But things just get more complicated as a victim suffers the wrath of Vlad and Danny ends up having to deal with the consequences.

Follows: The Same Old (Song and Dance) But it isn't required to read it first.

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Author's Note:

This part of the story line gets very graphic, so warning, warning, warning.

Anyways, I hope you enjoy!

It had been another typical night with all three victims surrounding the campfire as they waited for their dinner. They recently finished unlocking the last of the locks on the door without so much as a peep from the killer. Of course, they all thought that was very unusual, but like Tucker said ‘Are we really going to start waiting for a *literal* killer to show up?’

Sam couldn’t help but agree, following the tech into the light.

Danny on the other hand had been preoccupied with his last encounter with the man. His neck still ached in pain from the teeth punctures and even though they healed over a long time ago, the very idea that they *still* were there left an impression on him. Literally.

And he couldn’t help but give one last glance over at the desolate land before walking through the door, having it shut firmly behind him.

“You alright Danny? You haven’t said much tonight...” Sam tries, resting her hand on the boy’s knee. She raises an eyebrow in curiosity when Danny jumps.

“Ye- Yeah... I am, don’t worry.” He averts his gaze from Sam’s prying eyes that are so intense it feels like it’s almost burning him.

And like being saved by the bell, the ground starts to rumble, causing all three to gather to their feet and look around in a panic.

“Earthquake!” Tucker flails, grabbing his stuff to bolt, luckily Sam

and Danny grab him before then. Holding onto each other as the ground breaks up to reveal a door, rising; the rubble and debris crashes into the land around them as the rumbling grows stronger.

It was a miracle that nothing hits them along the way.

When everything settles, they eye the door wearily. Were they supposed to do something with it? They surely weren't about to open another door just yet and nor were they keen on it anytime soon.

They wouldn't have to wait long as the door itself opens to a black void. A tense few seconds pass before someone comes barreling through.

"W-Where the fuck- What is this place?" The man says out of breath, only to collapse and pass out. It's a beat later, they all rush to the blonde's side, rolling him over. Sam winces as blood pours down the sides of their lips, gurgling, choking and crunching before puking up more blood.

"Tucker, Go get a medkit!" Sam panics as Danny helps to roll him onto his side, letting the man gasp for air.

Tucker didn't need to be told twice as he ran inside, grabbing everything they needed before dumping the contents beside the wounded victim. It takes several stitches, large gauzes, and alcohol to clean and cover the massive wounds that littered his body.

He was another victim, his name: Dash Baxter.

They were all sure they heard this name before, but they just couldn't *think* of where. They all knew they came from another life and *hopefully* it was better than this. Whatever hell this was. But they did remember small details, like Sam and her love for dark and Gothic themes, Tucker with his passion for the latest tech and Danny's fascination with space.

Small things like this gave them hope that maybe one day they could get back to it.

Dash wraps himself further in the blanket, trembling as he feels closer to death than he's ever felt in his life. Like a terrible flu that racks his body in shudders, mind congestion and aching all the way down to the core of his bones. Even as Sam offers the sick man soup, he barely is able to hold on. She has to sit down and spoon feed him until the bowl empties.

Tucker was inside the shack with Danny, both peering out the window. "You don't think that the horns will go off any time soon, do you?" Tucker asks, stuffing bandages into the medkits and then stacking them on top of each other.

Danny shrugs, "They could... Some of the craziest things happen after all."

Tucker nods solemnly, "Yeah... Hey- what do you think his buffs are?"

"Looking at him? I think strength..." Danny looks down at the kits, frowning. He truly did hope that there was some sort of grace period, a few days at least. At least from what he remembered there was one when they first arrived. There had been a week where all they did was gather supplies, learn a little about each other before exploring.

Danny wished he kept a calendar of some sort then because it had been a long time since. But with how the nights bled into more nights without so much as a sunrise, it could have easily been only one night opposed to several. God, that was a can of mindfuck that he did *not* want to open right now.

Not while they could very well start a new trial at any moment and he could very well run into the killer.

Danny shakes his head of those thoughts, sighing, "Hopefully he's cooperative with us. The last thing he needs is a run in with The Impaler."

Dash is an absolute asshole.

They learned this very quickly after the man had gotten healthy.

Instead of a 'thank you', Sam got a 'Could have been better'. Then like a busted pipe, a series of complaints about Tucker being too critical about every step of his plan. Even when Dash never spoke to him directly, eventually complaints about Danny happened. Whatever he could complain about, he did.

Tucker was able to explain to Dash about the way this realm works, what their goal was, what they should and should not do and eventually he explains the Impaler. He stresses how important it is to get out and as far as he could from where the killer was.

It seemed that Dash understood that, even asked some sensible questions. And it finally felt like everybody was on the same page.

So when it came to volunteering to search for the keys, they decided to go in pairs. Well, Tucker suggested it would make keys easier to find. But Tucker also paired himself with Sam. So that left Danny with Dash and well, it couldn't be all that bad.

They hit the barn first, prying open the crates and sifting through the hay. "Be careful... The last time I went searching through these crates-" Danny sighs as he hears the familiar clank of the jaws of a bear trap snapping shut and an audible hissing of, "Shit-!" rings through the barn.

Danny pulls Dash to the side, wrapping his hand of bandages, watching as the blood seeps through ever so slightly. It wasn't too bad in Danny's opinion, he'd definitely would need sutures but this would have to do for now until they made it back to base.

"Just wait here, I'll continue to look."

Dash nods tiredly, holding his aching hand to his chest as Danny walks away.

After roughly an hour, Danny plops down with a growing sense of frustration.

"Great, we're no closer to finding this stupid key. Is it *even* here?" Dash complains, leaning back against the wall.

"I've always found one here..." Danny offers, rubbing his temples.

"There's still an upstairs..."

He's more on edge now than ever, even as he rests his eyes. Dash's complaining was something he could surprisingly handle. No, that wasn't why he felt like he was about to jump out his skin more than usual. Vlad was amongst them and he had a specific target on Danny's head.

Those thoughts haunt his cat nap that he didn't realize he was taking until he jolts away, fear crawling up his spine. Danny moves to get up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. God, after they hunt down these keys he was going to dedicate at least eight hours to sleep, minimum. Until then, he furrows his brows, trying to shake the jock awake.

"Dash C'mon, we gotta keep searching... Hey!" He hisses, shaking Dash's shoulder more firmly.

"Leave me alone, damn it!" Dash says in his haste, instantly regretting pushing the smaller boy away. Danny yelps, tripping over the crates until his flat on his back. The air being sucked from his lungs and a pained groan barely makes itself present. His body lurches, shots of heat radiate through him. He goes silent.

"Fuck, fuck! Danny, you okay--?"

The boy in question doesn't move which only makes Dash more worried. Did- Did he accidentally kill Danny? Oh God, now what was he going to do? What about the key? What about the others?

Then Danny gasps hard, raising an arm shakily. "H-Help me up..."

Dash sighs in relief, grabbing a hold and pulling the boy to his feet. Danny rolls his shoulders before punching the jock in the chest. "You're an asshole, you know that?"

"Hey, I'm sorry! I just--"

"Dash!" Danny grabs the jock's arm, trying to pull him away as a strong grip gathers the back of his collar, lifting Dash off his feet. He watches in horror as the beam of the fallen flashlight illuminates Dash's struggling form.

It also catches off the contours of the beak of the killer's mask. Cut out eyes darkened as they stare straight ahead, static, unnerving. Their unrelenting strength lifts the poor boy's body even higher.

Danny hadn't noticed until it was too late.

Vlad raised Dash to sacrificially drop his body onto the spear lodged into the ground. As a blood curdling scream rings through the air until it becomes gurgled, desperate noises. Danny watches in horror, a sickening feeling grows in his stomach as Dash is impaled through and through. Spear now jutting out his mouth, covered in blood and entrails.

Danny screams, slapping his hands over his ears and screwing his eyes shut. Curling into himself, pushing away as the killer advances. Dash eventually stops, easing into a limp. Vlad stops just short of Danny's feet, craning their head to the side. They eye the boy for a moment, reaching to gather him by his shoulders. As Vlad sits the boy on his feet, they wait for Danny's screams to die down.

They see the conflict in the boy's eyes, tears on the brink of sliding down his cheeks, whether to run or accept their fate. Danny would be absolutely insane if he didn't try to make it out with his life, especially with Dash's corpse hanging right in front of him.

"Y-You're... Not going to kill me, are you?" Danny wheezes, flinching away as the man brings their bloody hand to his cheek. He tries swallowing air, steadying his pounding heart. Taking another leap of faith, he asks, "You... Still want me?"

Vlad tilts their head the other way as though to signal curiosity in Danny's answer.

He learned very quickly that after Vlad's grand gesture of the one and only word he said took a lot of effort to say. It's like he knew how to say it but his throat refused to let it be spoken. Vlad understood Danny.

"W-why did you kill him?"

Vlad grunts, reaching their hand behind the boy's head, making him

flinch again but is able to press against the base of the boy's skull. It causes him to wince in pain as it shoots down his spine. Vlad then let out a few more angrier noises before going silent. Danny frowns, reaching back there as well before feeling exactly what the fuss was about. He winces as there's a gash, blood oozing from the wound.

"I didn't even..."

Did he kill Dash because of this?

Vlad grips the boy's wrist, roughly pulling him deeper into the barn until they're engulfed in darkness. Danny has no choice but to follow reluctantly, holding his breath as they stop in front of the wall. Vlad points, staring at the very spot that he wanted Danny to go. Nervously doing so, he kneels down and pushes the wood. Much to his surprise the small section of the wall pops open. A secret hole? He reaches in only to grab a set of bandages.

He looks up at the masked murderer with curiosity. "This is for me?"

The brute nods slowly, tilting their head.

Danny looks back at the bandages, It wouldn't be enough. He'd need antiseptic and stitches but this, this gave him somewhat of a health boost. He was surprised that the man knew this too and was giving it to him in the first place. To think, Vlad was trying to help him.

The Impaler, a serial killer, was trying to help him.

"I... Thank you..." He says softly, wrapping the bandage around his head with a growing shudder. Ever so tightening it until the sides of the gash were closed enough. Danny looks over his shoulder, blinking when Vlad is nowhere in sight. He gets up and looks around momentarily before feeling his way back to the brighter side of the barn.

"God... Dash..." He struggles to pick up the abandoned flashlight, running out the barn and collapsing only a few feet forward. He heaves like a cat before hurling the contents of his stomach.

There's a bell.

The other victims look up to the sky.

"Do you think it was Dash?" Tucker asks solemnly, sitting up while rubbing his dirtied hands against his already muddy pants. Sam shoots him a look of something akin to annoyance, he raises his hands in defense. "I'm honestly just curious..."

"I don't *think* it was Danny..." She sighs, sinking her fingers deep into the dirt of the garden. If Tucker's calculations were right, a key was buried here. There better be a key buried here. It had rained just before they arrived, now it was slippery and mucked with wet mud. The addition of creepy critters didn't make any of this better.

"I hope it isn't him..." He admits, staring down at the hole he had been digging into. Was that selfish to think? He didn't want any anybody to have to suffer. But damn, if it had be anybody, he hoped it wasn't Danny.

Tuck then lets out a frustrated groan, "Who knows what that maniac is doing out there, just, doing whatever he does. If I could devise a plan that could just make him stop- slow him down or something..."

Sam shakes her head, "Don't... Don't do that to yourself. It's already unfair as it is, going down that road will only make you go crazy."

Her shoulders dropped, she couldn't help but wrap an arm around Tucker before full on hugging the boy. When he hugs back, they stay there. Moments beat past before he pulls away with a sigh of his own. "You're right... You're totally right- let's just get this darn key!"

Sam chuckles, "Yeah..."

After mounds, upon mounds of digging and arguing because Tucker's 'calculations' were always right, Sam stands, almost slipping in the mud with a key in hand. She smirks, waving the new found item, "C'mon Tucker."

Danny had walked back into the barn and finessed his way up the broken stairs being careful not to snap the wood under his weight. He decided he would take the back way, not even entertaining the idea of walking past the corpse, he didn't think his stomach could handle it again.

Opening even more crates, he sighs softly in relief when he stumbles upon a key. Not that he really should have to worry at this point, it sounded and looked like Vlad was going to avoid killing him for the moment. Even though Danny gained a sense of security, he was certainly unsure if he should trust anything this man did.

Danny picks up the key, "Let's get the hell out of here."

As he turns to leave, he jumps and screams in fear which morphs into anger. "God! Could you *not* do- do t-that--!" Danny holds his head, stumbling over his words as the pain splits through it. "Yeah... You want me- you want me dead..." He hisses, nearly falling over as the room spins. His vision fizzles, blurring, "Oh god... *Am* I dying?"

Everything spins and then goes dark.

Danny tries to shoot up, having the literal air knocked out of him. It feels like a ton of bricks are resting on his chest. That. That does nothing to quell his anxieties and when he gets a glimpse of the bird mask, he pushes his way into sitting up, gasping for air. His heart hammering painfully in his ears, blood rushing to his head.

Vlad looks at him closely, the hand that was resting on the boy's chest moves to his head.

Danny swallows thickly.

He was being petted. Vlad was running his fingers through the shaggy ink locks and the weirdest thing was that; it was soothing. Danny finds himself leaning into the man's touch almost too easily, like he knew he was being comforted. Vlad's fingers continue to whirl with curiosity, twirling the slightly longer strands around them

before letting them fall gracelessly.

A silence falls between them but the boy had a ton more questions.

He did feel significantly better and as he glances around, there's empty bottles of alcohol accompanied by a needle with thread crudely tied to it. There's a heap of dirtied bandages covered in blood beside the makeshift tools.

Had- Had Vlad sewed up his wounds?

Danny reaches up to feel and sure enough he felt sutures against his scalp. He nervously bumps his fingers against the palm of Vlad's hand. They both falter there, neither daring to move.

"I should... Thank you..." Danny whispers softly, "Uh, we never really got to talk about...I mean- I know you don't really talk-"

But why had Vlad wanted Danny?

There was an underlying carnal desire for him. Their first encounter held nothing new to the killer and there certainly wasn't anything about Danny that made him special, that made him stick out.

Until he fought back.

And he truly fought back. The way Danny angrily sinks his teeth into their shoulder, jolts of an oddly pleasurable sensation spread through the wound. Even as he drops Danny to the ground with a thud, he hadn't expected that. He watches the boy scramble to run, pushing and successfully squeezing his body through the lockers of the old factory. In that time, he picked up pliers, jagged and sharp.

The look of absolute terror wracked the boy's frame, breathing quickened and a glint of something primal. Something that screamed '*You will die this night.*'

Danny did try his best, fighting to get away once more before driving the metal into Vlad's neck. He twists before running the blades back and forth, it produces the most wretched noises he's ever heard. The way the man's bones crunch under the pressure, gurgling and gasping for air before collapsing. Of course, Danny thought he killed the killer

only to be killed in return.

But since then he avidly hunted and saved Danny for very last. He wanted another encounter where they fought. Where they actually struggled with each other, fighting, getting even. He grew hungry for the anger that lit the boy's eyes as he attacked back with every ounce of his being.

No. Those other two victims could never compete with *this* one. Tucker was an easy kill, too easy to string up and leave Vlad feeling insatiated. Sam, she was valiant, a lot stronger but she didn't have that drive that Danny did.

He wanted *only* Danny.

He *wanted* Danny.

But he doesn't know how to say that though. How to convey that except that he grabs Danny's hand, bringing it to his neck. As he makes the boy squeeze the flesh there, he feels the hesitation, the fear that wells the boy's face.

"I-I don't get it..." Danny tries to pull his hand away, yelping softly as the man squeezes it harder. He forcefully yank his hand free, backing away. His eyes fidget from the killer to the exit, he thinks about if he should say something but it never comes.

Vlad watches as Danny runs away.

And he frowns.

Author's Note:

I hope you enjoyed it!

Starting to understand Vlad's intentions and all. It only goes down hill from here guys, hang on tight.

Any requests? hmu in the comments or dms.

Let me know what you think? It's highly appreciated.